

# WHILE WHITIA IS SAFE AT HOME

Boy's Captors Surrendered Him In Accordance With Their Agreement.

HIS FATHER PAID \$10,000.

He is in Perfect Health and Had Received Good Treatment.

No Attempt Was Made to Capture the Kidnapers—Officers Will Now Start on Their Trail.

Cleveland, March 22.—Before retiring for the night, Mr. Whittia admitted that he had paid \$10,000 to the woman in the candy store. It was in currency. The woman did not count the money. Mr. Whittia believes the woman was an Italian, but refused to disclose her identity.

Little Willie Whittia, who has caused the police of the entire country endless worry since he was kidnaped from the school in Sharon, Pa., last Thursday, was returned to his father at the Hollenden hotel here at 8:30 this evening. In compliance with an agreement entered into with the kidnapers' father and an agent of the kidnapers here today, the boy was placed on a stretcher on the outskirts of the city and started to the hotel shortly after 8 o'clock.

Two boys, G. W. Ramsey and Edward Mahoney, recognized the lad on the car, and taking him in charge, conducted him to his father, who was waiting according to a prearranged plan which he had followed at the dictation of the kidnapers. The boy was in good health, and the father, who had been told that the boy was in the hotel, rushed about the lobby, grasped him in his arms and smothered his face with kisses.

An attempt had been made to disguise the lad. He wore a pair of smoked glasses and a large tan cap which was pulled down over his eyes, and the father said it would have been difficult to have recognized the boy in such a garb as he passed him on the street.

Willie is in perfect health. He says he has been well treated and ever since his capture has been in charge of indoors. He believes he was taken from Sharon to Warren and thence to New-castle, Pa. It is his opinion, expressed in a happy schoolboy way, that he was in Ashtabula on Saturday night.

THE PRIDE OF JAPAN



CHOICEST JAPAN TEA

IMPORTED BY M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

HALF POUND

[From New York World, May, 20, '09]

## Cooler Is Meeting Many New Workers Must Change Present Plans Next Week If Callers Continue to Increase.

L. T. Cooner continues to attract widespread attention with his theory that stomach trouble is the cause of most ill health. The sale of his medicine is very large and is steadily increasing at the store where he is meeting the public.

Among those who have become convinced that Cooner's preparation is all that he claims is Mrs. C. Meigs, of No. 177 Atkins avenue, Brooklyn, who said recently: "My life has been made miserable for the last ten years by indigestion. For days I have not been able to retain solid food of any sort, and when I could eat something I would be nauseated for hours and could only retain what I had eaten by an effort."

"I have been nervous and run down I was weak and unsteady, and it was almost more than I could do to come downtown. After shopping for an hour or so I would be completely tired out, and would have to go home and lie down for the rest of the day."

"I have consulted physicians constantly, but have not been helped. A friend insisted that I try this Cooner medicine, but I refused to do so, until she finally almost forced me to get it. I started taking it about a month ago. The first improvement I noticed was that I no longer was nauseated after eating. Then I began to feel stronger and sleep better. Finally my nervousness no longer troubled me, and I do not sleep by anxious voices. I now feel actually rejuvenated."

## THE mere fact that Scott's Emulsion is universally recommended for Consumption is proof positive that it is the most energizing and strengthening preparation in the world.

It warms and nourishes, it enriches the blood, stops loss of flesh and builds up. Get Scott's.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

at the time his father was to leave his home in Sharon, Pa.

Willie, Sr., refused to state whether he had paid the ransom. He said that he received a letter today from the kidnapers at his home in Sharon saying that if he called at a confectionery store in the east end of Cleveland he would be told how to secure his boy unharmed and "well fed."

Shortly after noon he left Sharon for Cleveland. He was unaccompanied.

His immediate family and private detective had anticipated the proposed secret meeting, but insisted that he make the trip alone. Everyone of them was warned that he must not be allowed to go unattended, and no attempt at the capture of the kidnapers was made.

Willie was certain that if he spoiled the plans of his son's captors tonight he would never see his boy again. His confidence at Ashtabula served as a warning.

KIDNAPERS' TERMS.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon he went to a candy store in the east end. With him he carried the \$10,000, expecting that he would be demanded of him there. He was met by a woman, who detailed to him the terms of the kidnapers. With all the eagerness of a distracted parent, Willie agreed to them immediately. Detectives in his employ said he paid the money, but on this point the father declines to comment. Half an hour later he returned to the Hollenden hotel and awaited developments.

His entrance to the hotel was shrouded in secrecy. By a previous arrangement made with the hotel management, he did not register. Detective C. V. Perkins, who has superintended the search for the boy in behalf of the father, was in the lobby of the hotel calmly smoking and pretending to be unconcerned. But the hearts of both parent and detective were beating anxiously. The agent of the kidnapers promised that the father should be started toward the hotel shortly after night-fall. As the hour for the appearance of the child approached, Willie became nervous. He disregarded the advice of the detective, who had told him to keep out of sight of the newspaper men and the crowds of curious people who had learned that he was in the city. Emerging from his room he walked up and down the hall on the second floor

with hands clasped across his breast. Then, unable to stand the suspense longer, he went to the lobby and motioned the boy to him, but he refused to converse.

"In heaven's name, men, do not say anything to me! I am on the verge of nervous prostration," he said. "I expect the boy will be back tonight, but I cannot state positively whether he will be returned safe and sound. Do not ask me to reveal the settlement. That might ruin me."

For more than an hour Willie waited in the lobby, smoking cigars and muttering to himself. He was very nervous.

THE KIDNAPED BOY.

In the meantime Willie Whittia, the kidnaped boy, feeling comparatively safe in the hands of his kidnapers, was being prepared for his return to his father. The woman at the candy store had done her duty. She communicated with the captors of the boy and told them that the father had made no attempt to trace the kidnapers. The kidnapers were satisfied. But Willie, Sr., declines to name the woman in charge of the confectionery store and almost dares the police to locate her. So the boy was brought from his hiding place, where it was no one knew to a car line in the east end of the city which would bring him into town quickly. The kidnapers, according to Willie, was a cheerful conversation. He made all the arrangements for the boy's return, and the boy and the kidnappers skipped the train toward the city line, leaving the police to find the trail.

A few rods from the car line the kidnappers stopped. Pulling a pair of smoked glasses from his pocket, he adjusted them to the lad's head with the remark:

"You'll look better in these."

The sides of the black yarn cap were pulled carefully over the boy's ears. A slip, which Willie was to hand to the conductor, was put in the boy's pocket. It read:

"Send this key to the Hollenden hotel, double quick."

With all arrangements made and his tracks apparently well covered, the kidnappers took the boy's right hand in his own and they started off briskly along toward the car line. The lad skipped gaily enough with his companion, the promise of seeing his "dad" and "mum" urging him forward.

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The boy turned his face upward. He could not speak. His tears, larger than raindrops, coursed down his cheeks.

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WILLIE'S STORY.

"Papa," said the boy, in a tone of childish pride, "I have been buggy riding, been on the cars and in a nice hotel, and I have been treated like a prince. I have been treated like a prince."

"One man, tall and with a black mustache, came to the school house Thursday and told my teacher, Mrs. Annie Lewis, that you wanted me at your office. I went out to a buggy and I got in and he got in. Then we rode away. On the way down town he asked me to address a letter to you, I did so and dropped it into a mail box awfully kind."

"We went from Sharon to Warren. We had the nicest trip. The man was the same one who brought me to the car line tonight. He was nice to me."

"When we got to a place the man said this was Warren, the man left the buggy in the road. Then we got in what I think was an electric car. I don't just remember what it was, but it was something like a street car. I don't know what became of the buggy. I became sleepy when we got on the car and I slept much of the way to the place where we were going."

"When we got to a town that the man called New-castle, they took me to a woman. The hospital, or whatever the building was, was a clean place. There was a man there who looked like a doctor, because he had whiskers—short gray whiskers."

HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

"The people in the hospital told me that I must do just what they told me to do. If I did not obey them they said they would take me to a place called Ashtabula where they would have smallpox go to. It was not a clean or pretty place, they told me. I walked the chink like just like a good boy, papa, like you have told me to do."

"On Saturday night I was taken away from the hospital and I think we went to a town called Ashtabula. We traveled in a buggy and on foot. Early in the morning we went back to the hospital. I heard one of the men say: 'There will be nothing doing tonight. I guess they will have to keep right here in Cleveland, though, papa, for some of the town I saw on the car looked like the place we went to before.'

"They told me all along that I was just taking a little vacation. It was not going to hurt me, they told me. Willie, he suggested that I might like time playing around the hospital. I knew I would get back home all right and just supposed Mr. Jones was a doctor. I thought he was treating me nice because you wanted him to treat me that way, papa dear."

The boy told the story slowly. His father sat as if in a trance. The music of his boy's voice seemed to charm him.

Stroking the blonde locks of Willie, he said:

"Sleep, my darling, sleep."

Willie handed the boy to Detective Perkins, and reaching into a grip, produced a little night dress for the boy. Willie whispered the little sweater, pants, stockings, shoes and underclothes, the same ones that the boy wore when he was kidnaped, from the white form, and, robing him, he went to the night gown, prepared him for bed. He was asleep in a few minutes.

At a conference with Capt. Shattuck of the Cleveland police, Willie said he believed that the boy had been treated after being taken from school by the kidnappers. He came to the conclusion, he said, because the boy was able to tell a fairly consecutive story of his capture and trip to the city, that the kidnappers as far as Warren. The fact that Willie fell asleep on the car between Warren and the place the lad believes was New-castle, is considered further evidence of drugging.

Willie had little encouragement to the police, who wanted to start their search immediately. He said:

"After the lad is safe at home, I will talk about the kidnapers."

NOW FOR ABDUCTORS.

Sharon, Pa., March 22.—The first act of J. P. Whittia, upon the receipt of the news that his son had been returned to his father, was to call his wife over the long-distance telephone and tell her that Willie was safe in his arms again.

Mrs. Whittia, calmly expecting the news, did not collapse, but manifested the most perfect self-control. Not only was the family overjoyed at the receipt of the news, but the entire community is sharing their happiness and a great demonstration is being arranged for the return of the father and son, which is now expected at 12:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Detective Ward gave out a statement tonight detailing the safe return of the boy to his father. The letter directing Mr. Whittia to come to Cleveland was received this morning. He was given explicit directions. The note said:

"If you attempt to catch up with us, you will never get your son."

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If quality of goods and prompt service means anything to you, we'll get your business.

Is there something we may send you today?

Salt Lake Glass & Paint Co.

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Our conscience is clear, because we give full weight.

WASATCH SUPPLY CO.

That Good "Coal"

The time is not far distant when Clear Creek coal will cost more than other kinds.

Its worth more for most purposes—and it also nice to know you're getting 3,000 lbs. in every ton.

Grass and Clover Seeds, Bailey & Sons Co., 62 East 2d St.

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Moskin's New Book. A Defense of Utah, an eloquent appeal for a thinking manhood. Write for it at once. Price, \$1.50.